The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

Lulu's Angel.

A LITTLE maiden, bright and fair,
With large, sweet eyes and golden hair,
Sat singing under a shady tree.
Clasping her small hands round her knee,
She soon looked up through the rustling leaves,
And wove the fancies a young child weaves.

"I wonder, if so many angels stay
Up in the sky as people say,
If I couldn't see them there to-day!
Perhaps I could — I'll sit and try,
And one will come to me by and by."
So saying, her small palm under her chin,
Lulu watched where the leaves were thin
For one of the angels to peep in.

A small cloud floated across her sight, —
"I see one now, and she's drest in white!"
She cried — "and she's wings, for I see them shine
And her hair is yellow and curls like mine.
'Tis a little girl! — Oh, I wish that she
Would come down under this shady tree
And play for a little while with me!"

But the little angel did not see
Lulu under the shady tree;
Or she did not hear her, or could not stay
To come down under the tree to play;
For she kept on floating along the sky,
Till Lulu saw she had gone clear by.

Then she watched again. In a little while
Somebody crept, with a loving smile,
Softly behind her and did not speak,
But, stooping, suddenly kissed her cheek.
Lulu started and held her fast,
For she thought her angel had come at last.
"Are you my angel? Oh, yes, you are!"
She cried, as she clasped her own mamma!

Now, little maidens, tell me true,
When you've read this story I've told to you, —
Would you say, like Lulu — I'm sure you would —
That your own mamma is your angel good?
Your mamma who cherishes you alway,
And loves and watches you night and day?

Mrs. C. M. Sawyer.

For the Myrtle.

The Story of Ned.

STORY, — always a story. What shall I tell you about this morning? Something that happened when I was a little girl? Yes, that is just the kind of story I like to tell best.

Did I ever tell you about any of our squirrels? Then I will tell you the story of Ned.

We had several squirrels before we had Ned, — squirrels of all kinds, striped and red and gray, — but never one we kept so long and loved so dearly as Ned. He was a dear little red squirrel, and was quite small, not more than half-grown when the boys caught him in a box-trap and brought him up to the house.

We had a nice squirrel-cage with a large wheel, that had been put away ever since the sad time when we lost our gray. It was now brought out and brushed up until it shone, and into it went Ned, our new little pet, named already.

How cunning he was, yet how shy! He curled off in the farthest corner, his two black eyes shining out of the dark like two little beads, as he looked curiously at us. He did not like his new friends; and after we had put tempting bits of bread, sugar, corn, seeds, and a dish of water in his way, we had to go away and leave

him for a time, for fear we might frighten him to death.

Little by little he became tame. He would come out and nibble his corn before us, sitting up very straight with his food in his fore paws and his bushy tail curled up over his back. Still he would let no one touch him if he could help it, and once he stuck his two sharp little front teeth almost through my little brother's thumb. It was a long time before he put his hand in the squirrel-cage again.

Ned soon found his way into the wheel, and in trying to get out he of course learned to make the wheel go round and round. I used to pity him so at first, poor captive, as I used to stand and watch him making his little feet fly around the wheel, in a vain struggle for liberty; and if he had been mine I fear I should have opened the cage and let him go. I was "just so chicken-hearted," the boys said.

But as weeks and months went on, Ned learned to feel more at home with us. He would chipper merrily in the sunshine, and take sugar and apple from our hands, and when the boys shut all the doors and let him out into the room, he would run up their legs and arms and sit on their heads and chipper, and then off again like a sprite. There was never any living thing in so many places at once as that squirrel would be.

And *how* he would make that wheel fly! Round and round by the hour it would go, so swiftly you could not see the wires. One would think Ned was working for a wager, he made such an earnest business of it. The boys, who were great machinists in those days, talked of attaching some sort of machine to it, like a little saw or a toy churn, it seemed such a waste of wheel-power not to have something "go" by it. Sometimes Ned took a fit, as they called it, in the middle of the night, and they would all be wakened by the clatter of the wheel, which would keep on until they had to put it out of the room. Before the long winter was over, however, they had become so accustomed to the noise that it did not wake them. They kept Ned in a nook of their own room in the winter, because it was warm, and because nobody else wanted to be troubled with him.

As it was he annoyed our father, who used to go up there for his afternoon nap. In the very midst of it Ned would be sure to buzz his wheel, and father would come down trying to look cross, and saying, "I certainly must have that squirrel killed." But we never feared it, for he loved the cunning little thing as well as we.

We had a dear little nephew, Arthur, who used to come home with his mother, every few days, and to whom "Unty Toner's furyell" was a great delight. I can see the little fellow this moment — he is twenty years old now — standing on his tip-toes by the cage in the window, his chubby hands on the window-sill, and his black eyes round with excitement, as Ned was galloping inside his wheel, and how he would laugh and shout "tee de furyell! tee de furyell!"

One day in the early summer our sister came in, and I heard the clatter of little hands and feet climbing up the stairs. I called up the stairs, but he couldn't stop. He was "doin' to tee de furyell."

It was not long before he came down faster than he went up. He was fairly pale, and his little legs trembled under him. He caught at my dress and pulled. "Furyell don! furyell don!" was all he could say.

I rushed up stairs, he clattering after. Sure enough, there was the cage door open and the squirrel sitting triumphantly on the top of it in the open window, tail over his back, as usual. The moment his bright eyes saw me, down he went the other side and right down the side of the house. He was gone!

But he was so tame he only ran about the house and the trees. I tried to call him back with sugar, but in vain. What could I do? The boys were far away in the field. I could only tell the rest of the family and hold a council. Poor little Arthur was trying all the time to tell me how "furyell wouldn't tum in de wheel, and he dust opened de door, and he tumed wight out." Of course! I had to kiss him and soothe him a long time before he would be comforted.

Meantime our aunt, who lived next door, had seen the squirrel. She was one of those who dislike pets and flowers and everything of the kind, and she had never liked our having Ned. "Little torment," she said, "now he has got out he is just tame enough to stay around the barns and eat up all the corn. We've got to get rid of him." She saw a group of men and boys playing base-ball, up the street, and for them she started. O that dreadful moment! it hurts me now to think of it. I told her we would catch the squirrel again. I screamed that I would

pay for the corn. I caught hold of her clothes and implored her not to tell those dreadful men and boys. But all in vain. Tell them she would and did.

They came with stones and sticks and long poles. I went out and appealed to two of them, our neighbors; crying and sobbing, I begged of them not to kill our squirrel, for the boys would surely get him when they came home. But they only laughed at me and said they were not going to have all their corn eaten up. I longed to fly to the fields, but it was too far. My aunt said I had better go into the house and behave; and so I could only shut myself into my room and cry and sob and scream while my darling squirrel was killed. If I had had power equal to the feelings in my heart, I don't know what I *shouldn't* have done to every one of them, my aunt and all!

When I watched the boys coming up through the field that noon, it looked to me like a funeral procession. I thought I never could tell them the dreadful thing that had happened. But I do not think they agonized over it as I did, although they were both sorry and angry. We went and put the cage sorrowfully away, and it was a long time before we had another squirrel. *H. A. B.*

For the Myrtle.

Nettie's Visit to Rosy and Nannie.

NETTIE went to visit her two friends, Rosy and Nannie, and after they had played with their dolls a while, Nettie said,

"I should like to go into the yard and look at your pretty flower-beds."

"Yes, you shall go, Nettie," said Rosy; "but we must put our hats on first, as the sun is shining and the day is getting very warm."

They all put their dolls away, and got their shade hats, and started out of the front door.

There were beautiful roses, verbenas, lilies and geraniums in the flower-beds, all in full bloom, and a great many other kinds of plants. Rosy said she thought the lilies were the prettiest, Nettie thought the roses were the prettiest, and Nannie thought the pansies were a great deal prettier than the others.

"Let us go on the other side of the house, Rosy," said Nettie, after they had all looked at the flowers.

"Oh, no! Nettie, we must not go there. Don't you see Jim? He will run after you and bite you if you go near him. He is very cross."

"Can't you go and tie him?" said Nettie.

"No, Jim would not let me," was Rosy's answer.

"I am not afraid of him. Let us go; I am quite sure he will not hurt me. I want to see those lovely fuschias. Do come with me!"

Without waiting to hear Rosy's answer, she started off towards Jim. Rosy and Nannie followed; but just as all three turned the corner of the house, the cross dog ran after them and caught Nettie's dress between his teeth. All three of the little girls gave such loud screams that Rosy's father, who happened to be in the woodshed close by, came out to see what was the matter. He caught Jim by the neck and pulled him away from Nettie, and tied him to a tree.

"It was careless and foolish, Rosy, to bring your friend near Jim. You know that he will not let strangers go near him. This little girl might have been torn to pieces if I had not been here," said Rosy's father.

"It was not Rosy's fault, sir, it was mine. Rosy begged me not to come here, but I was very foolish, and would come. I am so sorry I did," said Nettie.

"Well, my dear, I hope you have learned a lesson to-day which you will never forget, and that is, never to persevere when you know you are wrong, no matter how great the temptation may be." *A. M. L. M.*

Count Over the Mercies.

Count them! Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your history. Down they come every morning and every evening, as angel messengers from the Father of light, to tell you of your best Friend in heaven. Have you lived these years, wasting mercies, renewing them every day, and never yet realized whence they came? If you have, Heaven pity you. You have murmured under afflictions, but who has heard you rejoice over blessings? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star, or the queen of the night. What is life but mercy? What is health, strength, friendship, social life? Had each the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." Perhaps you have never regarded them as such. If not, you have been a poor student of nature or revelation.

Under the Window.

"See-saw, sacradown,—
This is the way to London town."
Children under my window-sill
Playing the homely old game still,
Little you know what you do for me
Listening, pleased, to your noisy glee!
I too am out in the sun once more
With my noisy mates by the old house door;
A plank through the fence, or the gate's strong pole
Over a log or the garden-roll,
A child at each end balanced with care,
Then up and down through the buoyant air,
With the ringing laugh and the crazy shout
Of who is "in" and who is "out,"—
The charmed days when a rout like this
Could fill the whole round world with bliss,
Like magic you bring them all again
With that single, simple, long-lost strain,—
"See-saw, sacradown,
This is the way to London town."

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Burning the Wasp's Nest.

OH, what a big wasp's nest!" cried simple Tim, as he passed a bush by the orchard wall. It was not on his side of the wall, but over in his neighbor's garden. He climbed carefully over the wall, got a long stick, and began to pry at the nest to get it off the bush. Soon it began to loosen.

"My! what fun I will have!" said Tim, chuckling to himself and almost dancing for joy. Then he crept back over the wall, and soon returned with an armful of dry sticks and wood.

He laid them on the grass, and then touched the dry grass and twigs under them with a match, and soon had a roaring flame. Then he took the wasp's nest carefully off on his stick without disturbing a single wasp, crept quietly up and dropped it in the midst of the fire.

There was a great buzzing and singing for a moment, and then it all shrivelled down together and the flames roared above it. Simple Tim laughed and danced with delight to think what a trick he had played on the sleeping wasps. Then he went his way chuckling and laughlng, and left the fire burning on.

Everything was hot and dry that afternoon, and the fire was hungry. The poor wasp's nest was but a morsel to bait its fierce hunger. It crept along the crisp, hot grass in a little line of smoke and blackness, and began to twine itself around the posts of the summer-house. But simple Tim was far away, laughing over his wasps.

By the time the summer-house was fairly ablaze, the little tongues of flame had licked their way to the stables, and the clapboards about its base began to blacken and smoke. Higher and higher crept the fire, and at length some one from the house saw the smoke, and then there was a great cry of terror.

"Fire! Fire! the stables are all afire!"

Simple Tim was sauntering down the street when he heard the fire-bells ring and saw the engines go rattling by. Then he heard cries that Mr. White's barns were all on fire, and then that the house must go. And before night, he knew that the whole beautiful place was all in ruins. But he was not bright enough to know, neither did any one else know, that it was all because he built a fire in the grass by the garden-wall to burn a wasp's nest.

Simple Tim was excusable, for he had little mind to tell him better. But what shall we say of boys who have bright and sensible minds, yet are so reckless as to light fires in their summer play, and run the risk of burning a house or setting fences and forests on fire while they burn a pitiful little wasp's nest. Beware of playing with fire! it is a good servant, but a hard master.

There are many kinds of fires that are dangerous to light, especially where there is inflammable material. The fires of passion and sin, — they are easily lighted, but if not quenched they burn on and on until nobody knows what mischief they may not do. Better let the wasp's nest alone than light a fire for it; ten to one fire will be a thousand times worse than the wasp's nest.

H. A. B.

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows. Little acts of kindness brighten the world.

They Didn't Think.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze.
An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"
So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight:
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite;
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching mousey fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay;
She said, "I'm not a baby,
Here I am half grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"
Off she went, but somebody
Hiding saw her pass;
Soon like snow her feathers
Covered all the grass.
So she made a supper
For a sly young mink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no," said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling,
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew, and Kitty seized him,
Before he'd time to blink.
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go under headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

Phœbe Cary.

Willie's Heroism.

The blue sky was covered with dark thunder-clouds, and the air was still and hot.

In the little "school-house on the green" a patient teacher was trying to make her scholars bend their anxious eyes on their books; but the little faces would keep turning toward the window.

She had promised to tell the story of William Tell that afternoon to her geography-class; and, finding it so difficult to turn their minds from the shower, she called out that class before its turn, and told them the story about how William Tell had to fire his arrow through an apple which had been placed on the head of his son; and how brave the boy was, and how he cried, "Fire, father! I am not afraid!" for he was sure his father's arrow would never miss its mark.

Just as she was saying this, there came a sudden flash of lightning and a loud crash of thunder. Some of the children screamed, some began to cry, and ran to their teacher for protection; only little Willie Hawthorn kept his seat, and his eyes fixed quietly on his book.

"Why, Willie," asked his teacher, after the shower was over, "why were you not afraid like the other children?"

"Because, Miss McLean, I knew the arrow was in my Father's hand; and how could I be afraid?"

I believe the children never forgot Willie's bravery; and now, when you are afraid of the lightning, little reader, you can remember Willie's answer, and be as brave as he.

Well-Spring.

Somebody.

"What is the use of being in the world unless you are *somebody?*" said a boy.

"Sure enough, and I *mean* to be," answered his friend. "I began this very day. I mean to be somebody."

Ashton looked George in the face. "Began to-day!—how? *What* do you mean to be?"

"A Christian boy, and so grow up to be a Christian man," said George. "I believe that is the greatest somebody for us to be."

George is right. There is no higher manhood than Christian manhood.

WRITE nothing on your heart but what God will approve and bless.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The funeral of Mr. Thomas H. Watts, superintendent of the Sabbath School, took place in the Second Universalist Church in Lowell on the second Sabbath in August. There was a large attendance; the services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. G. Adams; the members of the school were present, and the pulpit and casket containing the remains of the deceased were richly decorated with flowers. Mr. Watts was one of the worthiest of men, and had done much for the improvement of the school. Last Christmas evening he received, as a token of good will from the school, a beautiful picture, presented by one of the scholars, Ralph E. Emerson, whose death took place a little more than a week preceding that of the superintendent. Both passed away cheered with the hope of that Gospel which reveals God as the Father and Christ as the Saviour of all men.

—— Memorial services were held in the Universalist Sabbath School in North Bridgewater, on the first Sabbath in August, on the occasion of the death of Rev. A. P. Cleverly, of this city. Mr. C. was formerly pastor of the society in N. B., and organized the school and church there. He was a devoted and faithful minister, and his memory is tenderly cherished by those who knew him as their pastor and friend. Rev. J. G. Adams and some of the members of the school made appropriate addresses on the occasion.

—— Our Sabbath School in Lawrence has made a large increase during a year. Some time since the pastor wrote us: "Our school has always been small. We have worked hard for it for six months, and have doubled it. We lead all the schools in the city for young people. We hope to go on, still enlarging. I appeal to the congregation every few Sundays for more scholars." What school can make a better record of increase than this?

WISCONSIN.

Rev. T. C. Druley, writing from Black River Falls, says: "On June 25th, Children's Sunday was celebrated for the first time in this church. The church was very prettily decorated with running cedar, oak leaves and flowers. The pulpit and the table were covered with flowers. On the arch over the pulpit were the words, 'Come unto me,' in oak leaves. After a short sermon by the pastor, nineteen children were baptized, christened, and dedicated to God and the Church, ranging in size from the infant in arms to boys fourteen years old. Every one was charmed with the simplicity, the beauty and appropriateness of the service; and some older persons wished that they had been permitted, when young, to be dedicated. Children's Sunday is a fixture here."

Phœbe Cary, one of the sweet poets of our land, a Christian Universalist, who recently departed this life, was the author of that beautiful hymn, "I'm nearer my home to-day." The hearing of that hymn in a distant land was the occasion of awakening a dissipated man to a sense of his condition and leading him to enter upon a Christian life. What power there may be in "right words" when they speak home to the heart.

We presume that there are some readers of the MYRTLE who do not attend any Sabbath School, but who might, if they had a little stronger will to do so. Reader, are you one of these persons? If so, try to get that little stronger will.

Words of Jesus Explained.

Jesus often spoke in what is called figurative language. The use of such language was very common when he was upon earth. For instance, he says, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Now we are not to understand by this that in order to become a Christian we must really hate anybody, surely not our own dear kindred. What, then, does Jesus mean by this language? We answer, he meant that whoever would become his true disciple must love him more than all others, even the dearest of earthly friends. So we interpret his words where he speaks of plucking out a right eye or cutting off a right hand. By this is meant, that if we have any habit or inclination dear to us as a right hand or eye, we should be willing to cast them aside for the love and enjoyment of his service and kingdom.

Wealth Not Happiness.

Wealth is good, but wealth will not bring happiness. Some persons think otherwise, however. They imagine that nothing can make one happier than to possess riches. They do not know that some who have most of wealth have most of unhappiness. Here is an account of a rich man which he gives of himself. It was written in a letter of Mr. Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, to a friend:

"As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that when the night comes I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

He Will Lose Nothing.

Our Lord Jesus Christ thus spake, when he was upon the earth: "This is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." Again he says, "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hands." The "all things" which we are here told were given into Jesus' hands certainly include all souls for whom he died; as the Scriptures assure us that he "tasted death for every man." What is the conclusion then but this, that all souls will at last be brought home to God by the influence of Christ, by the work of his Spirit, and according to the will of the gracious Father who sent him? We see not how any one can rightfully deny this plain testimony of the Scriptures.

"Thy Will Be Done."

This is a portion of the Lord's Prayer. "Thy will be done." Whose will? The will of our Heavenly Father. And do we pray thus in sincerity? Then let us understand his commands. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and mind, and strength, and might." Thus to love is to do God's will on earth as it is done in heaven. And how can it be done but by the loving soul? Let us seek, then, to have this love of God within us; then we shall be able to say, in sincerity and truth, "Thy will be done." The angels in heaven thus do God's will. If we can thus imitate them, we shall have a heaven here below. There can be no heaven anywhere in the universe without love.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LI.

THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES COMPLAIN TO JESUS AGAINST HIS DISCIPLES.

"They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xv. 1–20; Mark vii. 1–23.

Question. — What complaint did the scribes and Pharisees make to Jesus against his disciples?

Answer. — Matt. xv. 2.

NOTE. Printing was unknown at this time, and all books were written. Copies of any book could be obtained only by copying it. The scribes were employed in making copies of the Scriptures. By their employment they became accurately acquainted with them, and they soon came to be regarded as the best interpreters of them.

Knives and forks were unknown in the Saviour's time. Men used their fingers to convey food to the mouth, and cleanliness of the hands was regarded as necessary before partaking of meals. But the scribes and Pharisees who carried the requirements of the law of Moses to troublesome extent, taught that the hands should be clean lest some unclean insect or some small particle of matter should render the food unclean, according to the law of their religion. They even gave rules according to which the hands should be washed, and they were exacting respecting the purity of the water in which the washing was to be done.

Q. — Did Jesus charge them with doing something worse than violating the traditions of the elders?

A. — Matt. xv. 3.

Q. — What law of Moses had they violated?

A. — Matt. xv. 4.

Q. — How did they violate this law?

A. — Mark vii. 11–13.

NOTE. Wishing to make a show of religion, they devoted their property to religious purposes; and when needy parents asked them for help, they would reply that they had nothing to give them because all their property was given to God. By this rule of gifts, the traditions relieved them of all obligation to help their parents.

Q. — What did they do by this course?

A. — Matt. xv. 6.

Q. — What words of Isaiah were true of them?

A. — Matt. xv. 8, 9; Isa. xxix. 13.

Q. — What did Jesus now say to the multitude?

A. — Matt. xv. 11.

Q. — Were his disciples troubled because the Pharisees were offended at him?

A. — Matt. xv. 12.

Q. — What did Jesus say to them?

A. — Matt. xv. 13.

The Saviour required not only duty to God, but duty to men. The scribes and Pharisees were violating duty to God because they violated duty to men. We must keep both the great commandments.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

Know'st thou the picture soft of hue?
Itself the fountain of its light;
Each moment changing to the view,
Yet ever perfect, fresh and bright.
'Tis painted in the smallest space,
Within the smallest frame enclosed;
But of earth's greatness not a trace
Without it e'er had been disclosed.

Can'st thou to me the crystal name?
No jewel equals it in worth;
It flashes, but without a flame,
Drinks in the boundless sphere of earth.
E'en Heaven's self in radiance plays
Within its magic circle bright,
Yet, though it drinks celestial rays,
More lovely far is its own light.

Answers.

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